And now I dodge a ſpouting Dray,
That totters with uncertain Sway;
And now a Cart, with nodding Load
Of Clinking Ir'n, or Clatt'ring Wood:
One ſingle Plank on't, let me tell ye,
Good Knight, wou'd jamm me to a Jelly;
And after all Expence and Pains,
Strew *London* with Poetic Brains.
Such ſad Annoyances, and mo'
Attend upon the Foot-Pad Beau.
In pity *Gay*, Himſelf a Wit,
Compell'd to trudge his *Trivia* writ.
Thus for Convenience ſake I dwell
An Anchorite in College-Cell.
Whilſt I retreat, and hug my Spleen,
Enjoy at large thy Golden Mean.
Enjoy the Park, the Play, the Court,
Spend Days and Nights in jovial Sport,
'Till ſurfeited of wanton Youth,
You think of Conſtancy and Truth;
'Till in due Time the deſtin'd Dame
Lights in thy Breaſt an honeſt Flame.
Then *Enfield* Bells for Joy ſhall ring,
The Marriage Song your *Sawny* ſing.

F I N I S.

BRITISH MUSEUM 29 APR 13

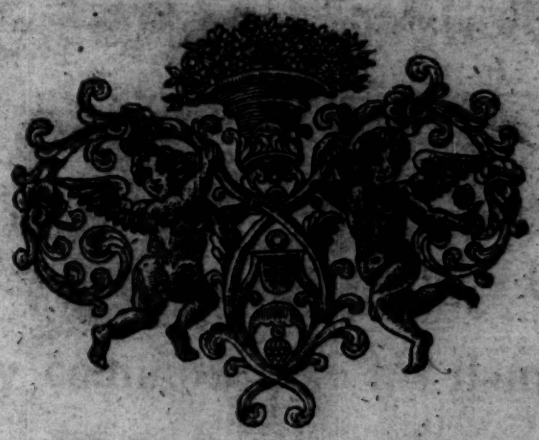
THE

TEST of LOVE.

A

POEM.

DRYDEN.



LONDON:
Printed for T. COOPER, at the *Globe* in *Pater-Noster-Row.*
M.DCC.XXXVII.

THE

TEST of LOVE.

A

POEM.

CHARLES CLARK,
TOTHAM,
1863] ESSEX.

BRITISH MUSEUM

LONDON:

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M.DCC.XXXVII.

THE

TEST of LOVE.

OFT' hast thou told me, *Jack*, in friendly part,
The gentle tyrant Love had seiz'd thy heart;
But thou art young, and (like our sanguine Race
In their full vigour) may'st mistake the case;
For, trust me, Love (that inmate of the mind)
Is very much mistaken by mankind;
For which, too often is misunderstood,
The sudden rage and madness of the blood.

Thus every common rake his flame approves,
And when he's leud and rampant thinks he loves.

But I, who in that study am grown old,
Will to my friend some certain marks unfold,

By which a real paſſion he may prove,
And without which he cannot truly love.
How does this tyrant lord it in thy mind?
What ſymtoms of his empire doſt thou find?
Doſt thou within perceive the growing wound?
Does thy ſoul ſicken whilſt thy body's ſound?
Does in thy breaſt ſome blooming beauty reign,
Whoſe fair idea mingles joy with pain?
When ſhe appears before thee, does ſhe ſpread,
O'er thy pale fading cheeks, a ſudden red?
Preſs her ſoft lips, or touch her lilly hand,
Does thy heart flutter? does thy breaſt expand?
If but her name is mention'd, does it fire
Thy boſom with a quick and fierce deſire?
Does every glance, like *Jove's* vindictive flame,
Shoot thro' thy veins and kindle all thy frame?
From hence a real paſſion you may prove;
For he that wants theſe ſymtoms does not love.

Is to one woman all your heart inclin'd?
And can ſhe, only, charm your conſtant mind?
For her do all your morning wiſhes riſe?
Does ſhe, at night, of ſlumber rob your eyes?

Muſing

Muſing on her, does ſhe alone excite
Your thoughts by day, and all your dreams by night?
Or does your heart for every nymph you meet,
Own a new paſſion, and as ſtrongly beat?
Do, in your eyes, all women ſeem the ſame,
And each new face expel the former flame?
From hence a real paſſion you may prove;
If you love more than one, you do not love.

Does love, and only love, invade your heart?
Or is it ſtricken with a golden dart?
Does the keen arrow from her beauty fly?
Or does her fortune glitter in your eye?
For, in this age, how ſeldom is it found,
That love alone inflicts the ſecret wound;
Silver and gold are *Cupid*'s ſureſt arms,
One thouſand pounds outweigh ten thouſand charms.
But art thou ſure that in thy tender heart,
Theſe worldly baubles bear no ſordid part?
And canſt thou ſay, ſincerely canſt thou ſay,
Should adverſe fortune on the charmer prey,
That ſtill unchang'd thy paſſion wou'd remain,
That ſtill thou wou'dſt abide a faithful ſwain?

If in the curſt *South-Sea* her all were loſt,
Still would her eyes their former conqueſt boaſt?
And wou'd ſhe, doſt thou think, in every ſtate,
The ſame emotions in thy ſoul create?
From hence a real paſſion you may prove;
For, if you ſigh for wealth, you do not love.

Again, my friend, incline thy patient ear,
(For thou haſt many queſtions ſtill to hear).
This choſen damſel, this triumphant ſhe,
Canſt thou no blemiſh in her perſon ſee?
Her temper, ſhape, her features, and her air,
(Tho' never yet was born a faultleſs fair)
Do they all pleaſe in body and in mind?
Canſt thou no blot nor imperfection find?
Does o'er her skin nor mole, nor pimple riſe?
Or do e'en theſe ſeem beauties in thine eyes?
From hence a real paſſion you may prove;
For if you 'ſpy one fault, you do not love.

Do you within a ſudden impulſe feel,
To dreſs, look florid, and appear genteel?

Do

Do you affect to ſtrike the gazing maid,
With glittering gems, with velvet and brocade?
Do you correct your gate, adjuſt your air,
And bid your taylor take uncommon care?
Before your glaſs each morning do you ſtand,
And tie your neckcloth with a critick's hand?
From hence a real paſſion you may prove;
For dreſſing ever is a mark of love.

Do books and wordly cares no longer pleaſe?
Can no diverſions move the ſtrong diſeaſe?
Have wealth and honour loſt their wonted charms?
And does ambition yield to *Cupid*'s arms?
Is your whole frame by love, alone, engroſs'd,
To ſtudy intereſt and preferment loſt?
From hence a real paſſion you may prove;
For, if ought elſe prevails, you do not love.

Do all your thoughts, your wiſhes, and deſires,
Comply with her's, and burn with mutual fires?
What ſhe commands, does your officious tongue
Approve, and cenſure what ſhe judges wrong?

Are all her likings, and averſions thine?
In all her joys and ſorrows doſt thou join?
Art thou, my friend, united to her frame?
Thy heart, thy paſſions, and thy ſoul the ſame?
From hence a real paſſion you may prove;
For, without ſympathy, you cannot love.

Did'ſt thou e'er ſtrive, once more ſincerely ſay,
With friends and wine, to drive thy cares away?
And have e'en theſe endeavours prov'd in vain?
Will neither friends nor wine remove thy pain?
Doſt thou ſit penſive, full of thought recline,
And, in thy turn, forget the circling wine?
From hence a real paſſion you may prove;
For, if wine drowns the flame, you do not love.

Art thou a tame, reſign'd, ſubmiſſive ſwain?
Canſt thou bear ſcorn, repulſes and diſdain?
Can no ill treatment, nor unkind returns,
Quench the ſtrong flame which in thy marrow burns?
Or do they rather aggravate the ſmart,
And give a quicker point to every dart?

Does

Does not each ſcornful look, and ſneering jeſt,
Drive the keen paſſion deeper in thy breaſt?
From hence a real paſſion you may prove;
For, if you can reſent, you do not love.

Whole live-long days you have enjoy'd her ſight;
Say, were your eyes e'er ſated with delight?
Did not you wiſh, next moment, to return?
Did not your breaſt with ſtronger ardour burn?
Did not each view another view provoke?
And ev'ry meeting give a deeper ſtroke.
From hence a real paſſion you may prove;
For there is no ſatiety in love.

Perhaps you judge it an imprudent flame,
And, therefore, live at diſtance from the dame;
But what is the effect? does abſence heal
Thoſe wounds, which ſmarting in her ſight you feel?
Does not to her your mind unbidden ſtray?
Does not your heart confeſs her diſtant ſway?
Does not each riſing thought enhance your pain?
And don't you long to ſee her once again?
From hence a real paſſion you may prove;
For that which abſence cancels, is not love.

Suppoſe,

Suppoſe, once more, that parents, or that friends,
Either for peeviſh, or prudential ends,
Shou'd thwart thy choice, thy promis'd bliſs oppoſe,
Would'ſt thou for her engage all theſe thy foes?
Would'ſt thou deſpiſe an angry father's frown,
And ſcorn the noiſy cenſure of the town?
Could'ſt thou, poſſeſs'd of her, with patience ſee
The coxcomb's finger pointed forth at thee?
" There goes the fond young fool, who, t'other day,
" In heedleſs wedlock, threw himſelf away:
" And, to indulge the vaſt ungovern'd heat,
" Of a vain paſſion, loſt a good eſtate.
Wou'd not ſuch inſults grate thy tender ear,
Could'ſt thou, beſides, without repining, hear
The ſcornful ſmile, and the diſdainful ſneer?
From hence a real paſſion you may prove;
For he that loves with reaſon, does not love.

Now muſt I touch thee in a tenderer part:
Wou'd not a happy rival ſtab thy heart?
Could'ſt thou behold the darling of thy breaſt;
With freedom by another youth careſt?

Say,

Say, could'ſt thou to thy deareſt friend afford
A kiſs, a ſmile, or an obliging word?
Say, at the publick ball, or private dance,
When the brisk couples artfully advance,
Could'ſt, thou unmov'd with indignation, ſtand,
If to another ſhe reſign'd her hand?
Wou'd your heart reſt at eaſe, or would it ſwell,
With all the pains, the ſharpeſt pains of hell?
From hence a real paſſion you may prove;
For, without jealouſy, you cannot love.

To the laſt queſtion of thy truſty friend,
(Tho' many more might ſtill be ask'd) attend
To clear her virtues, or avenge her wrongs,
(For beauty is the theme of buſy tongues.)
Shou'd blood be call'd for in the doubtful ſtrife,
Would'ſt thou with pleaſure part with blood and life?
Would'ſt thou all dangers, in her cauſe deſpiſe,
And meet unequal foes, for ſuch a prize?
Would it not plant new courage in thy heart,
And double vigour to thy arm impart?